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For the Henderson Reporter
THOSE FADED FLOWERS.

Those faded flowers are treasured yet,
Tho' withered now and long since dead;
But ne'er can I their hues forget.
Nor perfume though that swift hath fled.
They speak to me of happy hours,
When love each moment did employ—
Then blooming were these faded flowers,
As boughed life, replete with joy.

And often thus will time renew
The memory of those vanished hours—
As I with sudden gaze do view
Their beauties gone—those faded flowers!
And next with heart as warm as when
They trembling hand the gift bestowed—
My love for thee I'll breathe again,
As passionate as when first it glowed.

Some faded flowers who has not?
With wither'd leaves and perfume gone?
Still kept within some hallowed spot,
Or next the musing, blithe heart worn?
And dearer far those flowers shall be,
To the lone heart where jewels rare,
Or gems of beauty from the sea,
That a'er were worn by maiden's fair.

They tell a tale those cannot tell,
They have a cleat those cannot hold,
Recalling words we loved so well,
That live as die their sweets untold.
In swaying tide the cadence comes
And breathes around the faded flowers,
As Mem'ry's heart swift upward draws
Bright dreams of young life's sunny hours.

NANNIE GRAY.

Willow Bank, Henderson, Ky.

For the Henderson Reporter.

FOOLS.

Webster defines the word "fool" to mean those persons who are, by nature, or accident, deprived of the common powers of understanding. But oh! how inadequate is that word to describe the mental condition of those who are endowed by nature with a clear strong mind, and yet make themselves fools.

And, especially, in regard to those things which pertain to their condition in that country, from which we have had no visitor since the days of Christ. How hard it is, to believe that there lives a class of civilised, educated human beings, who believe that there is no God; and yet we must believe it, for there is, and has ever been, such a set of believers. And the most golden pages of the history of "this glorious America," are filled with the deeds and history of a "gloomy materialist."

I, perhaps, would not be in the wrong, were I to say that every set of religionists, (and there are many,) had a peculiar platform of principles, or creed of faith. And it is equally certain that all of them cannot be correct, and it is probable that this very fact leads to much of the unbelief now in the world. Just here, I hope my kind friends, the Ministers of Gospels, will pardon me for saying, that if Christians contend that there were seven heavens, as the Mohammedans do, then there might be some plausibility for their different creeds, and confessions of faith. But on the contrary, they contend that there is but one religion and one faith, and in this they are right. But to my subject—"fools," here is their creed:

"I believe there is no God, but that matter is God and God is matter, and that it is no matter whether there is any God or not." I believe, also, that the world was not made, that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last forever, world without end. I believe that a man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul, and that after death there is neither body nor soul. I believe there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion, and that all religion is unnatural. I believe not in Moses, I believe in the first philosophy. I believe not in the evangelists, I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes and Shakespear. I believe in Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not in St. Paul. I believe not in revelations. I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran, I believe not in the Bible. I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanchonethon; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ. Lastly, I believe in all unbelief."

Here is a creed, which is the foundation of all recklessness and irreverence. It entirely removes all hope or fear of future rewards and punishments. Hope, that bright little angel, who alone remained in Pandora's box when all other afflictions, and afflictions, common to human flesh had flown out upon the world, is crushed to death by this monstrous creed of unbelief. And man, God-like man, is robbed of his soul and levied to the condition of the beasts. Oh! how cold and gloomy must be the thoughts of that man, or woman who looks not beyond this cold material earth to their final destiny.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God,"—p. 14. "O, fools and slow of heart to believe, all the prophets have written!"—*Luke 24.*

"Strange that man, a reasoning creature, should make a God in viewing nature."

Origin of "Seeing the Elephant."

Some years since, at one of the Philadelphia theaters, a pageant was in rehearsal in which it was necessary to have an elephant. No elephant was to be had. The "wild beasts" were all traveling, and the property man, stage director and manager, almost had fits when they thought of it. Days passed in the hopeless task of trying to secure one; but at last Yankee ingenuity triumphed, as indeed it always does, and an elephant was made to order, of wood, skins, paint, and varnish. Thus far the master was all very well; but as yet they found no means to make said combination travel. Here again the genius of the manager, the stage director, and property man stuck out, and two "broths" were duly installed as legs.— Ned C., one of the true and genuine "b'hoys," held the station of fore-legs, and for several nights he played that heavy part to the entire satisfaction of the managers and the delight of the audience.

The part, however, was a very tedious one, as the elephant was obliged to be on the stage about an hour, and Ned was rather too fond of the bottle to remain so long without "wetting his whistle," so he set his wits to work to find a way to carry a wee drop with him. The eyes of the elephant being made of two porter bottles, with the necks in, Ned conceived the brilliant idea of filling them with good stuff. This was duly carried out; and elated with success, he willingly undertook to play fore-legs again.

Night came—on—the theater was densely crowded with the denizens of the Quaker city—the music was played in the sweetest strains—the curtain rose and the play began. Ned and the "hind-legs" marched upon the stage. The elephant was greeted with round upon round of applause. The decorations and the trapings were gorgeous. The elephant and the prince seated upon his back were loudly cheered.

The play proceeded; the elephant was marched round and round upon the stage. The fore-legs got dry, withdrew one of the corks and treated the hind legs, and then drank the health of the audience in a bumper of genuine elephant eye whisky, a brandy, by the way, till then unknown. On went the play and on went Ned drinking. The conclusion march was to be made—the signal was given, and the fore-legs staggered towards the front of the stage. The conductor pulled the ears of the elephant to the right—the fore-legs staggered to the left. The footlights obstructed the way, and he raised his foot and stepped plump into the orchestra!—Down went the fore-legs on to the leaden fiddle over, of course, turned the elephant, sending the prince and hind-legs into the middle of the pit. The managers stood horror-struck; the prince and hind legs lay confounded, the boxes in convulsions, the actors choking with laughter, and poor Ned, casting one look, a strange blending of drunkenness, grief and laughter, at the scene, fled hastily out of the theater, closely followed by the leader with the wreck of his fiddle, performing various cut and thrust motions in the air. The curtain dropped on a scene behind the scenes. No more pageant—no more fore-legs—but everybody held their sides. Music, actors, pit, boxes, and gallery, rushed from the theater shrieking between every breath. "Have you seen the elephant?"—*Miner's Journal.*

The Cedars of Lebanon.

The cedars grow on a rocky knoll lying in the embrace of a great semi-circular basin in the mountain side. They stand alone, as best befits them, without any other tree near. About four hundred of them remain, but only a few of these heard the sound of Herman and his ax-bearing host. If these few had been more accessible, I believe the modern Hermans would soon have demolished them. They all stand within a very small circuit, and the seven oldest are called "the Apostles." These seven alone are believed to be real ancients, i. e., to date from a time before "the kings of Israel, mighty, wise, and strong." They stand in the center of the whole group, surrounded and guarded by their descendants and kinsfolk. The natives almost worship these trees, and ascribe to them a sentient existence. They hold an annual festival beneath their branches, which, being now near at hand, we have been strongly persuaded by the chief of a neighboring village to stay and witness. All the world and his wife comes up to it; and the feast, though nominally a religious one, is said to lead to a good deal of irregularity. So it is now, as of old, when the Prophet accused the people of "asking counsel of stocks," "they sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains, and burn incense upon the hills, under oaks, and poplars, and elms, because the shadow thereof is good." It is, however, a glorious place for solemn worship—truly a temple not made with hands—in the bosom of the great hills and beneath the shade of trees pregnant with solemn associations of the past.—*Good Words.*

A lady paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow asked her "why she wore the widow's garb so long?" "Dear mama," replied the daughter, "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband as every gentleman can see for himself that I am for sale by private contract."—*Louisville Journal.*

Carving.

To be known as a dexterous table-surgeon—one competent to dissect the fowls of the air, carve the joints of beasts in the field, and slice the fishes of the sea, with neatness and dispatch—to be liable to perform a heavy amount of hard labor without any adequate compensation. Beware, therefore, if you are a good carver, of bruising the fact. Let not your pride of hand get the better of your discretion. All men eat—few carve. The carvers, therefore, are in some sort the servants of those who carve not.—The latter are a "superior race," who feed and wax fat on warm meats and sauces, while the former are condemned to forage on cold scraps and congealed gravies. The head of the table is doubtless the place of honor, but we hold with the philosophical Falstaff that honor may cost more than it comes to, and with shrewd Franklin, that it is possible to pay too dear for the whistle. When the King of Siam has a bone to pick with one of his courtiers, he sends him a sacred elephant, and the expense of keeping, grooming and decorating the noble animal ruins the obliging party. So when the lady of the house pays you the compliment of placing before you for dissection all her turkeys, roast pigs and sirloins, her professed admiration of your anatomical skill is simply a cloak for a deliberate act of oppression. To any good carver, whose lot has been cast among the voracious tenants of a boarding-house, we would say, conceal your gift. Whisper not to your neighbor on your right hand or on your left, that you are a brilliant operator with the festive steel. Do not even criticise the blunders of those ferocious persons who tear the delicacies of the season to pieces by main force, and distribute them in shapeless goblets to the guests.—It you do, the madam will be sure to take the hint, and insist, with many fine words, which, as Sancho Panza truly remarks, "but no parsnips," on your taking the chair. Feed in discreet silence upon viands unskillfully parcelled out, rather than get in penal servitude, as an expert. The complaisant gentleman who consents to sit at the head of a boarding-house table, is worse off with regard to culinary comforts than the peripatetic pauper who collects cold victuals in the forenoon and warms them up over his dinner fire in the evening. The beggar has a warm meal for nothing; the slave of the knife and fork pays a round price for a daily ration of leavings, and throws in his labor gratuitously.

A New Theology.

Rev. Charles Beecher and his brother Rev. Edward Beecher are making a sensation in the religious world by their new theological ideas. We hear much of this being an age of progress. The boldest theorists are more likely to find disciples than those who follow in paths upon which the light of revelation has been thrown. The Beechers allude to have undertaken to give a biography of the devil. We quote a sample:

"We were all created in a previous world, and were drawn into apostasy by the fallen angels. God then proposed to create this world as a hospital for our race, introduce us here and heal us of sin. It was proposed to Lucifer to become our Redeemer. He refused. God then chose a younger brother, who proved willing.—To him was added the divine nature, and he came among us the Christ."

"As it seemed doubtful whether Christ could do this work that Lucifer refused to do, Lucifer remained in heaven after his refusal, till Christ's resurrection. Lucifer was not expelled while he could raise a doubt whether this redemption could be accomplished.

Mr. Beecher believed that Lucifer remained in heaven until Christ came—Christ was younger than Lucifer. Christ took the form of an angel in heaven, and the human and divine became united.—He was formerly one of the angelic host. Satan was an elder brother of Christ. I am not alone in believing," said Mr. Beecher, "that Lucifer was not expelled from heaven till the resurrection of Christ."

(For the Henderson Reporter.)

Study of the Law of Moses.

It was thought by the ancients that the study of the law of Moses prolonged life, and it was this belief that caused a certain Rabbi to advise some individuals of a certain tribe, who were doomed not to live more than half the usual number of years allotted to man in that day, to study the law of Moses. David was studying the law when the angel of death—Goliath—came to dispatch him. The angel, fearing he might fail in his attempt, resorted to strategy. He shook a tree at the back of the house so violently that David went to see what was the cause of it. As he descended the stair-case, announced in loud tones the name of the little one to be "George Washington!" The feelings of the mother may be imagined.—*Hartford Courant.*

LIFT ME HIGHER.—A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said softly:

"Lift me higher! Lift me higher!"

Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said:

"No, not that, but there!" again looking earnestly toward heaven, where her happy soul flew, a few minutes later. On her gravestone these words are engraved:

"Jane B. —, aged 13 years. Lifted Higher!"

THE CITY.

I have an affection for a great city. I feel safe in the neighborhood of man, and "the sweet security of streets." The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to me. I find sermons in the stones of the pavement, and in the continuous sound of voices and wheels and foot steps hear "the sad music of humanity." I feel that life is not a dream but a reality; that the beings around me are not the insects of an hour, but the pilgrims of an eternity; each with his history of thousandfold occurrences, insignificant it may be to others, but all important to himself; each with a human heart whose fibers are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken. The green earth, and the air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach the doctrine of a good Providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers and wants and passions and deeds, preach the same gospel. The greatest works of his handicraft delight me hardly less than the greatest work of nature.—They are "the master pieces of her own master pieces." Architecture and painting and sculpture and music and epic poems and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please me evermore, for they conduct me into the fellowships of great minds. And thus my sympathies are with men and streets and city gates and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathedral doors where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build their nests in the arms of saints and apostles.

And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face.—We shake hands with stern realities. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man; and finally learn, like Jean Paul, "to look at a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind-alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as a day—God, Creation, Virtue."—*Longfellow.*

An Eccentric Infidel.

A correspondent of the Northwestern Advocate says that the following quaint anecdote was related to him by an interlocutor at the Ohio annual conference:

"I was sent," said he, "to Gallipolis circuit, and having fulfilled the labors of the Sabbath on an autumnal evening, was invited by an infidel to go home with him. I accepted, most cheerfully, and was treated with affable courtesy and the respect due to a minister of the gospel of Christ. In the morning, as I took my leave, my infidel friend courteously invited me to call on him whenever it should suit my convenience. This I generally did, as I came to this appointment throughout the year. As the year neared its close, I thought I would call and offer payment to my host, lest he should charge me, and through my ministers generally, with neglect in paying just dues. I called for my bill. He brought forth his bill, where was charged in mercantile style, for board, horse-keeping, &c., sums amounting to fifteen or twenty dollars. I was amazed; told him I could not pay it now, but when I came again, before I left the circuit, I would cancel the debt." "But stop," says my friend, "we have not done yet. Let us see what is on the other side." "He then produced an amazing credit of one dollar for every sermon I had preached in that place during the year, whether he was present or absent; a sixpence for every blessing asked at his table; and shilling for every prayer I offered in the family, save one when I knelt on one foot and knee—its credit was a sixpence. The aggregate of credit surpassed the debt some three or four dollars, which he immediately produced, passed over to me, and we parted in mutual friendship and love."

BAPTISMAL BLUNDER.—In a village not two miles from this city a woman took her infant female child to church to be christened, and had chosen for it the name of Lucy. Unfortunately, as it happened, the mother lisped, and when asked by the minister what name she had selected, she replied, "Luthy sir." Understanding her to say "Lucifer," the man of clerical robes was, very naturally, considerably shocked, but as he had reached a point in the proceedings where the dignity of his office must be sustained he controlled his feelings, and not recognizing the horrible name given him, but supposing the child to be a boy, announced in loud tones the name of the little one to be "George Washington!" The feelings of the mother may be imagined.—*Hartford Courant.*

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J. S. Blackwell, Assistant Editor.

We have found that proper attention cannot be paid to our studies and the local department of this paper together, and we therefore withdraw our name from the columns of the Reporter as "Assistant Editor" after this week. We trust we have done our duty in the time we have occupied the chair, and were it possible would not abdicate it. We do so with many a regret, but have no doubt the paper will be conducted as well as heretofore.

LIARS.

Of all the pestilences which afflict communities in this world, the bold liar is undoubtedly the worst. We cannot see that it boots him to make false assertions,—to fill the ears of his auditors with the creation of a debased imagination—unless it be that he wishes them to have exalted ideas of his qualifications, for the professional liar is constantly parading his own chimerical capacities before his race. He may succeed in hoodwinking credulity for awhile, but Time at length unmasks him, and he can but be a source of the most insatiable contempt to all who are so fortunate as to possess that elevated love of Truth which interposes an impregnable fortress to the attacks of falsehood, and purges the heart of all invidious passions. The liar gradually habituates himself to the vile practice, until he hardly knows when he tells the truth; or, indeed, if he does, his mustard-seed conscience tortures him remorselessly for a violation of its established law. His soul is so warped by envy, that it is too mean and despicable for one effort to be made for its disenchantment; his heart—a desert of thorns, where might have been a garden, with Benevolence the queen-rose—is twisted to assimilate itself to the malicious vagaries of his inimical mind;—its fountains spout out a fluent stream contaminated with the poison of innate immorality; no warin, impulsive throb, beating with a friendly tone for mankind, sends the crimson current gently through his veins; it feeds on its store of wretched hopes—for even hope will come to a liar, and rears its flaming palace with misanthropy its foundation; a kind tone of voice seems to him as the idiom of deceit—measuring all by his own standard; his mouth is trained to answer back in feigned admiration—but it is but a boiling cauldron where sickly venom seethes, and we advise you to beware of him—spurn him as you would a viper—for he would not hesitate an instant to taint you with his foul poison, and defame your character, though no provocation superinduced such defamation.

Especially to the young ladies of our town would we say, be on your guard in the company of young men, and allow them not the slightest privilege with your persons, for they will but regard it as indicative of immodesty, and will lose no opportunity to prate about it to their boon companions, with the wildest exaggerations, and 'tis thus your names are immeshed in a web of lies. Some men, who know not the true characters of their informants, will lend a credulous ear to these falsifications, and thus a virtuous female, by allowing a privilege, inconsiderate in her own eyes, is often brought down to the level of a bawd; and is known by the familiar term "blazé" or something else more offensive to any refined ear.

As Truth is one of humanity's rarest and noblest attributes, so also is it one of the most delicate growth and the most easily perverted. Many a truthful child has grown up to untruthful manhood, because his parents did not properly cultivate in him the glorious quality and save it from that first infraction which comes of an extravagant way of speaking. A careful and wise parent will never allow a child to fall into that baneful habit of ordinary exaggeration which is usually commended "in fun" and ends in a set custom; for its basis is at least indifference to Truth, and it not unfrequently makes of its possessor a habitual falsifier. Extravagance in ordinary speaking is more common with women than with men; in fact, a great majority of our modern young ladies talk upon the most common topics with an extravagance of adjectives and ultra terms that is absolutely silly. Frequently, however, we meet with young men who are just as reckless in their phrases, and we always mark them as persons who have no regard for earnest Truth in anything. The habit of exaggeration may sometimes be comparatively innocent of harm at the moment; but as age advances it not unfrequently matures into a system of general falsehood and monstrous misrepresentation. Satirists tell us of the man "who repeated a falsehood so often that he finally believed it himself," and that man undoubtedly

commenced his deviations from Truth, when young, by falling into the habit of using extravagant language on ordinary occasions. These little "white lies" that Opie talks about are just as deleterious in many instances, to the general good, as the broadest falsehood; for they universally are calculated to create dissension, and dissension always engenders strife, and strife death. A "white lie" is told in many cases to establish a false impression, or as an oblique hint to the same end, and if a false impression is attained the lie becomes as black as any.

SHOOTING AFFAIR.—As Officer Sam. Fruit was on the watch on last Saturday night, he nabbed a negro about ten o'clock, named Ross, belonging to Mrs. Martin Hancock, and endeavored to lodge him in the calaboose. The negro resisted and loosing himself from the officer ran off, but was pursued until caught again. This was done again, when the officer warned the negro that if he ran again he would shoot him. The negro disregarded the threat and broke away, when Mr. Fruit shot him, the ball entering the lower part of his stomach. The negro was carried, in a critical situation, to a house between First and Second streets on Elm, and proper medical aid procured. The wound, however, proved fatal, and the negro died on Sunday night. We learn that said negro was an insolent scoundrel, and too officious for a slave. The negroes in town have been needing a lesson of this kind ever since the Emancipation proclamation was promulgated. They have an idea that they are entitled to exercise the same privileges and immunities of the whites, instilled into their minds by the everyday occurrences of this unnatural war. A negro should be made to know his duty and to do it, or suffer the punishment of the lash.

Elder A. J. Miller has arrived and will preach at the Baptist Church to-night and to-morrow night.

We have noticed for several weeks that a crazy woman has been allowed to run unmolested, or nearly so, on our streets, dressed in the most unbecoming manner, and indulging in all sorts of unfeminine invectives and vulgarisms with the boyish rabble, and otherwise disgracing her sex in the most outrageous way. She is a sister of the late Jas. S. Paul, a Scotchman who recently died here of palsy, and from what we can gather from her history, has been married once to a man named Fenley. The cause of her insanity we do not know,—but it is said that she manifests some show of reason, when not under the influence of whisky. It is a disgrace and a blot upon the fair name of Henderson to allow such conduct to be displayed on her streets.—What has become of those men who have sworn to enforce the ordinances and laws of the city and the Commonwealth? Can not the county take her case in hand and procure for her a lodgment in the lunatic asylum at Hopkinsville? Or, if she be not insane, as we have heard alleged, only when under the influence of liquor, why not bind her over for disturbing the public peace? And for every infraction of the law imprisonment should ensue when thus bound. If the city officers be not lax in their duty they will attend to this at once.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"Slander," by the author of "Fools" on our first page, will appear next week. "Those Faded Flowers," by "Nannie Gray" appears on our first page. "Do you think?" by "C." will appear next week. We are glad to see an old contributor take his pen again. "C." is a ready writer, and yields an easy pen. His contributions will ever meet with a warm welcome.—"The Dead Wife," by "A. T. S." is beautiful in conception and feelingly expressed. Will appear next week.

Our friend Joseph Deschamp has sold out his stock of confectionaries, and is going to engage in the business of furnishing refreshments and liquors for the inner man. The old stand will be fitted up as a first-class Saloon. We wish him abundant pecuniary success.

Evans' (Doc, and Bob) are fitting up a Restaurant just this side of the "News Office" for the accommodation of their patrons. Applegate has charge of their old stand, and will take pleasure in obliging his customers.

A horse and buggy, belonging to the estate of Abraham Hatchitt, deo'd, was sold on Main Street last Saturday for twenty-five dollars. The horse alone brought \$10.25.

The Cabinet Organ, purchased from the proceeds of the late Presbyterian Sunday-School Concert, arrived at this port last Thursday. It gives general satisfaction.

Butter brings 35 and 40 cents per pound in this market.

"THE SILENT SELLS."—This is the high-sounding cognomen of a serenading party lately organized in town. They go to a house and tune up their instruments, or make a hideous discord, and while the occupants are on expectation's tip-toe listening for the music, they unceremoniously take their departure. We have been accused of belonging to the "Silent Sells," but must profess our entire ignorance of any membership with the organization.

Tobacco has been coming, in by wagon loads all the week, and selling at advanced prices. Prices will go to fabulous rates if Congress passes the tax-bill now before it, but no one need pay it unless he chews.

Buy your Valentines for the 14th of February, which is not far distant.

FEMALE SCHOOL.

WE beg leave to inform the public that Miss A. T. Smith will commence the second session of her School, on Monday, Feb. 8th, 1864, and will continue 29 weeks.

TERMS:
Beginners in English, \$12.00
More advanced, 15.00
High English and Algebra, 18.00
No deduction will be made except for protracted illness.

HENDERSON, Ky., Feb. 4th, 1864.

C. W. WOODBRIDGE, Proprietor.

PUBLIC SALE!

I WILL SELL on Saturday, the 6th day of February, at the farm of E. W. Worsham in the upper bend, all the personal property of David Lambert, deo'd, consisting of Household Furniture, &c., &c., on a credit of six months for all sum over five dollars, and cash for all sums under that amount. In all cases where bonds are given, approved security will be required. I will also, at the same time and place, bid for the present year, THREE NEGROES, to the highest and best bidder with security. RO. T. GLASS, Adm'r, Withall Will annexed, of D. Lambert, deo'd. Henderson, Ky., Jan. 28th, 1864. 2w

Commissioner's Sale!
WILL be sold to the highest bidder, at the Contri-House door in the city of Henderson, on the first day of the next February Term of the Henderson County Court, on a credit of six and twelve months, the remainder interest of Wm. I. Letcher is sold to the house and lot situated in the City of Henderson, and the same where Dr. Robert P. Letcher at present resides, and is sold to satisfy a decree of the Henderson Circuit Court pronounced at its December Term, 1863, in the matter of the petition of said Wm. I. Letcher for the sale of the house. The purchaser will be required to give bond with good security to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing interest from date. V. E. ALLISON, C. H. C. C. Jan. 28, 1864. 4t

Still at the Old Stand.

N. H. BARNARD,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

STOVES, CRATES, CASTINGS,

HOLLOW WARE,

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron

WARE;

Britannia, Wood and Willow

Ware,

TABLE CUTLERY,

AND

House-Furnishing Goods

GENERAL,

MAIN STREET,

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

TERMS POSITIVELY CASH.

Roofing, Guttering and Job Work done on short notice.

December 24th, 1863.

R. S. EASTIN,

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

WILL promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He will be in the city of Henderson every Saturday, when not professionally absent. Communications addressed to Box 263, Postoffice, will receive immediate attention.

April 30, 1863.

MILLER CLORE.

SHINGLE & LATHING MACHINES!

I HAVE at Clore's Steam Saw Mill two first-class machines of the above kind, and am prepared to fill all orders for either SHINGLES or LATHES on short notice and at reasonable prices. The very best Shingle and Lathes always kept on hand. Orders solicited.

SHILLING, Esq.

January 21, 1864—4w

FOUNDED:

A SMALL sum of Money, which the owner can have by describing, minus the amount paid for this advertisement.

R. M. WALKER.

January 21, 1864—4w

DR. JOHN S. STITES,

HAVING settled in Henderson, offers his

professional services to the citizens of Henderson and vicinity. His Office with Jas. B. Lyne, Esq.

Dec. 10, 1863.

GREAT BATTLE!

AT THE

New Louisville Store,

ON MILL STREET,

(Formerly occupied by F. Millet & Co.)

HENDERSON, KY.

H. SCHLESINGER

WISHES to inform the public generally that he has opened a large and well selected stock of

FANCY AND STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

A full stock of

NEGRO GOODS,

&c., &c.

Being a stranger to the community of this country, but an old citizen of the State, I take the liberty of calling on the people for a liberal patronage. I can assure those who give me a call that I shall endeavor to give them no occasion to go abroad and spend their money in other States, while they have an opportunity of getting just as

GOOD BARGAINS

with their own town folks.

Please call and examine my stock. No trouble will be spared to show you goods at very

LOW FIGURES!

Come and satisfy yourselves of this great and most importa t fact.

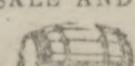
H. SCHLESINGER

HENDERSON, Ky., Oct. 1, 1863.

GROCERIES

AT

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



J. HELD & SONS,

THANKFUL for past patronage, would respectfully inform the public that they have just opened a new wholesale and retail

GROCERY

In F. Millet's old stand,

North side Mill between Main and Water Sts.,

HENDERSON, KY.

Having purchased the entire stock of the late James E. Ricketts, and made new additions thereto, they now offer to the public a large lot of

Cheapest Groceries

ever sold in Henderson. Their stock consists in part of—

200 bbls common Whisky;

100 bbls Old Bourbon and Nelson co. Whisky;

Large lot of fine Brandies and Wines;

50 bbls Gode Syrup, and a large lot of common Molasses;

Mackerel in bbls, half bbls, and kits;

Flour, of the best quality in bbls and sacks;

Also, Sugar, Coffee, Tea and Spices;

Cotton and Wool Cards;

Candles, Soap, Tobacco, Pickles, Cheeses;

Saltaratus, Soda, Pepper, Brasles, Brooms;

Tubs, Buckets, Churns, Rope, Twine,

Harness, Bridles, Horse Collars,

and in short every article usually kept in a wholesale and retail Grocery.

ALSO, 200 Kgs of Nails, from 5s to 20s,

and a lar amount of

SACK AND BARREL SALT

Mr. Held's extensive acquaintance in the city and country, and his established character as a Grocer and Merchant, renders remark unecessary.

GIVE THEM A CALL!

and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere.

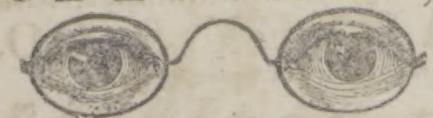
J. Held & Sons are buying all manner of

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

for which they are paying CASH.

P. S.—J. Held, Sr., would inform the public that his old stand, the

**L. RITTENBERG,
OPTICIAN,**



RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES to his friends and the public that he manufactures Spectacles and Preservers on newly discovered and improved principles, by which the numerous inconveniences of the Spectacles now in use are entirely avoided, and every advantage secured which these articles can possibly afford in assisting the sight.

In addition to the above, I have a Spectacle with a smoked lens, adapted for weak sight where strong light, snow or wind affects the vision. These Spectacles are a perfect preventive by using them constantly, causing the eye to gain its healthy power and retain it to old age.

I. Rittenberg having had over twenty-five years experience as a regular practical Optician, the Eye, being the most delicate organ and of the most vital importance to the happiness and prosperity of man, should never be tampered with, either by the individual or those who, for mere profit, take upon themselves the selling of Optical Instruments, and who know nothing of the anatomy of the eye.

**Army Field Glasses,
Spy-Glasses, Opera-Glasses,
Simple and Compound Microscopes,
HUNTING GLASSES,
and all kinds of**

Optical Instruments

Can be had only of
I. RITTENBERG,
No. 67 Main Street,
Dec. 17, 1863. Evansville, Ind.

FAMILY DYE COLORS

Patented October 13, 1863.

Black, Black for Silk, Dark Blue, Light Blue, French Blue, Claret Brown, Dark Brown, Bright Brown, Snuff Brown, Cherry, Crimson, Dark Drab, Light Drab, Fawn Drab, Light Fawn Drab, For Dying Silks, Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shawls, Scarfs, Dresses, Ribbons, Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Children's Clothing, and all kinds of Wearing Apparel.

A SAVING OF 50 PER CENT.

For 25 cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost five times that sum. Various shades can be produced from the same dye. The process is simple, and any one can use the dye with perfect success. Directions in English, French and German, inside of each package.

For further information in Dyeing, and giving a perfect knowledge what colors are best adapted to dye other fabrics, (with many valuable recipes,) purchase Howe & Stevens' Treatise on Dyeing and Coloring. Sent by mail on receipt of price—10 cents. Manufactured by

HOWE & STEVENS,
290 BROADWAY, BOSTON.

For sale by druggists and dealers generally.

For sale in Henderson by

F. B. CROMWELL & CO.

December 10, 1863—1

**WATCHES, JEWELRY
AND
SILVER-WARE**



C. L. GEISSLER
HAVING just returned from New York City, where he has purchased the largest and finest stock of Goods, which they offer at very low prices at

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

They call the special attention of the Country Merchants and vicinity at large. The stock comprises the finest selection of

Fine Gold and Silver Watches,

CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVER WARE,

FIELD GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES,

Spectacles, Eye Glasses, &c.

Also, a large stock of the very best brands of

PLATED WARE,

Manufactured in the United States.

Fine Tea Sets, Fine Castors, Fine Cake Baskets, Fine Card Baskets, Caps and Goblets, Tea Table and Desert Spoons.

Tipped, Beaded and Threaded Forks, Soup Ladles, Fruit Knives, and Napkin Rings, Children's Sets of Knives, Forks and Spoons; Also, a large stock of Gold Pens.

All of which we offer at wholesale and retail at very low figures. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

P. L. GEISSLER & CO.,

28 Main St., one door above First, Evansville Ind.

N. B.—Personal attention given to repairing old Watches.

Oct. 15, 1863.

CLOTHING!

GEORGE HAK
MERCHANT-TAILOR!

AND DEALER IN

Ready-Made Clothing,

At the old Stand of A. Hak, on Main street,

Henderson, Ky.,

May still be found at his place of business, with ready-made Clothing, and a stock of Goods, ever ready to serve those who may give him a call, with any article in his line.

Terms cheap as any other house in the city.

Patrons solicited.

February 21, 1863.

CLEAR THE TRACK!

A. T. LESLIE,

NEW

CLOTHING

HOUSE!

B. W. TAYLOR,

MAIN STREET,

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY,

I daily receiving from the large and fashionable CLOTHING HOUSE of

SHAFFER, WHITFORD & CO.,
NOS. 331 AND 333 BROADWAY,

NEW-YORK,

All the new styles of

**READY-MADE
CLOTHING!**

Also a splendid stock of

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

Consisting of

Shirts, Drawers, Hosiery, Gloves, Scarfs, Neck-Ties, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES!

He also keeps a splendid stock of BUSINESS AND DRESS COATS, Of all styles, colors and quality—CAN FIT ANY AND EVERYBODY. His stock of

PIECE GOODS

Comprises the newest and most stylish patterns, chosen by himself for the Henderson market, and is full and complete, embracing a first-class quality of

Fancy Cassimeres

And

Fancy Cut Silk Velvets

for Vests, by the piece, pattern or yard. Also those new LEATHER-COLORED Cassimeres for Suits. He prides himself on his stock of

MOSCOW, FRENCH and ENGLISH

BEAVERS, for Overcoats,

of Plain, Black and Rich Dahlia colors. He

has a splendid stock of

PETERSHAM GOODS,

Cut in all styles.

English Walking and Scotch and French Sacks.

He also keeps those new-fashioned RUSSIA BEAVER OVERCOATS, LINED WITH WARM WATER!

BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

CLOTHING

Of every description, in abundance.

Fancy White Silk Vest Patterns

for Weddings, Parties, &c. His stock of

Ladies' Kid Gloves,

Of Albert Justin's make, speak for themselves.

GENT'S RIDING, WALKING AND DRESS GLOVES,

OF ALL QUALITIES AND STYLES.

Neck-Handkerchiefs, Scarfs and Suspenders.

Tooth, Hair, Nail and Clothes Brushes.

White Linen, Bordered and Silk Handkerchiefs, of every color and figure.

His Goods were selected by himself, with great care, and laid in at the

LOWEST PRICES

Which will enable him to accommodate his

patrons with an extra article at a moderate price.

TRIMMINGS

is of the very best quality for

Dress and Business Suits

Has also those

French Flannel Traveling Shirts

of plain and fancy colors.

Umbrellas, Gum Overcoats, Vails, Carpet Bags, &c.

All he asks is a call, and if he don't show

you some of the prettiest goods you ever saw,

at LOW PRICES, he will be ready for the

draft when this cruel war is over."

October 22d, 1863.

George Hak, Merchant-Taylor.

Ready-Made Clothing,

At the old Stand of A. Hak, on Main street,

Henderson, Ky.,

May still be found at his place of business,

with ready-made Clothing, and a stock of

Goods, ever ready to serve those who may

give him a call, with any article in his line.

Terms cheap as any other house in the city.

Patrons solicited.

February 21, 1863.

CLEAR THE TRACK!

A. T. LESLIE,

NEW

CLOTHING

HOUSE!

B. W. TAYLOR,

MAIN STREET,

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY,

WOULD respectfully inform their patrons that they have on hand a large and well selected stock of Groceries, of all kinds, which they will sell as low as any other house in Southern Kentucky.

Has just arrived, direct from the

CITY OF NEW YORK,

With a full and fine stock of

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

For the

Fall and Winter Trade,

Consisting of

COATS, PANTS AND VESTS,

Of all colors, qualities and kinds; besides

CLOTHES,

CASSIMERES,

Cassinettes, Tweeds, Vests,

And

TRIMMINGS,

Of all qualities, which will be made up to order, in the most

FASHIONABLE STYLES

And

DURABLE MANNER.

His Stock also embraces

UNDERSHIRTS,

Drawers, Half-Hose,

Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Neck Ties,

Gloves of all kinds,

Together with every other article in his line.

His Goods were selected by himself, with great care, and laid in at the

LOWEST PRICES

Which will enable him to accommodate his

patrons with an extra article at a moderate price.

TRIMMINGS

is of the very best quality for

Dress and Business Suits

Has also those

French Flannel Traveling Shirts

of plain and fancy colors.